
Title: MY JOURNEY

Author: by Shartmannah

On my journey to find
the Serpent Fountain I
was troubled many times
with doubt about my
quest. Was I doing the
right thing? Was I taking
the correct path? How
much longer could I resist
the urge to accept
failure? I hunted through
the master's chambers,
stared into the coffins
of those who once cared
for the temple, and
searched the library for
the keys and implements
necessary to complete the
quest. The Master would
only tell me two things;
that I would have no
reason to leave the
temple, and that
somewhere on the path
my discipline would be
tested. I speak only in
generalities, lest my
words be seen by the
wild eyes of one
undisciplined. I doubt not
that such a person would
die on the way to the
water, but there are
wards against death in all
its incarnations.

My discipline was indeed
tested, and tested
harshly. The key to
completing my quest was
perseverance. I had to
search the same place
many times and not admit
defeat; I had to discipline
my mind to keep it from
wandering. The hardest
part of the path to the
fountain lay just before
it, and I bear the scars

on my feet, but, as is
taught here, if one can
only discipline the mind,
the body can then be
trained. I pushed the pain
from my mind, so that I
did not feel the acid
searing my flesh, eating
away at my skin.

When finally I did reach
the fountain, the test
was not over -- to
return to the temple
proper, I had to brave
the acid again. The test
made me strong, obedient,
disciplined. Had I failed, I
would be as one of those
whose hearts I seek to
skewer; chaotic and
undisciplined. Due to the
lessons of discipline I had
learned, I was able to not
only force the pain from
my mind as the acid
tried to eat my legs
away, but steel my flesh
against it so that now
only the soles of my
feet bear mild scars...